

A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN.

"For Three Years, or During the War"—At Home in a Shelter-Tent, and Abroad with "Three Days' Rations and Forty Rounds of Ammunition."

By JOHN McLELLY.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Upon news of the fall of Fort Sumter Walter Ambridge and David Bronson, Chicago newspaper composers, an ex-Sergeant of Regulars, Patrick O'Neil, a German, Karl Brentman, and one Stock, a phlegmatic young man, enlist in an infantry regiment. They are sent to the front, among them one "Peary," also enlist and prove to be cowards at the first fight. "Peary," an office boy, becomes an artilleryman. Dick Morgan, a composer, enters the rebel army. They soon "smell powder," and all get promotion. Karl has an amusing romance with a very rebel girl, Artemisia Simkins, and is badly smitten. The file participate in numerous dramatic events. They are at Memphis at the period of which the following instalment treats.

CHAPTER XLIII.

O'Neil was again an Acting Second Lieutenant, and would receive his commission as soon as the recommendation to that effect could be acted upon by the authorities at Springfield. Remembering the mishap which had before tripped up his heels just as he was on the point of

For another quarter of an hour that seemed a month they lay thus and watched the fair of their foes. Not a sound save the faint hammering of a woodpecker on a distant tree broke the oppressive silence of the hot afternoon. "Possibly he's asleep," said Stock, at last. "Maybe he's asleep," replied Walter. "But it's a damned sight more likely that he's only playing possum to get us from behind this 'ere log."

"That's more than probable. But we must see. Can't go back without stirring him up somehow. We must see the inside of that house if there's a dozen in it."

"That's so, and anything's better than much more of what we have been a-doin'."

"All right."

They moved themselves up to bring the matter to a speedy crisis. Both fixed bayonets, and placing themselves abreast made a rush for the fence in front of the house. This they also gained without a shot being fired at them. Then Stock slipped his arm through his gun-sling, and threw the piece back over his shoulder, so that he could use both his hands to wield as a battering-ram a large rail



"THE JEW ROLLED INTO THE DUST."

stepping into the coveted ranks of "the officers and gentlemen," he was full of good resolutions as to circumvention of action, until the shoulder-straps showed he as firmly fastened upon his uniform as they could be by that magic document beginning:

"Respecting special confidence in the valor, patriotism and fidelity of Patrick O'Neil, etc."

One day he was sent out after forage with a small party and a train of wagons. As these latter were being filled with the corn and meat that formed the stores of a plantation, an excited negro came up with as much speed as could be pounded out of a rheumatic mule.

"Who am de boss officer of dis yere crowd?" he inquired, as soon as he could get his breath.

O'Neil was pointed out to him, and a smart blow upon the mule's flank with the stinging lash brought steed and rider alongside the commanding officer.

"Mornin', Massa," said the negro, with a duck of this uncovered head. "You pears to be gettin' somethin'."

"I kin pick out to you what yer kin make a bigger haul nor any ting yer loadin' into yer wagons. Young Jeff Hicketts, de head bushwhacker in all dis stretch o' settlements, is layin' deff in ole Nels, Bruce's house, about two miles from here, an' he kin slip up him an' loch him ez ez a houn' pup kin lick a greasy skillet."

O'Neil reflected. He could not take his loaded train in that direction, but he could leave it unguarded while he went off.

"Sargent Ambridge," he said at length. "Walter faced around and saluted. 'You an' Corporal Stock will go to the house this colored gentleman will indicate to ye, an' secure whatever persons may be inside.' O'Neil's language in communicating orders was always of the most exalted official variety."

Walter and Stock picked up their guns, conferred for a while with the negro who steadfastly refused to act as their guide—now that he had got to the Yankees, he proposed to stay with them, took due note of his description of the location and appearance of the house, and also of the peculiarly fierce and unconquerable nature of the man, and at last started off with many misgivings that the work which they had been assigned them was one which it would have been better to have detailed a good-sized squad for.

This feeling grew upon them as they proceeded along the road toward the house. Tackling bushwhackers was very awkward business at all times, and would be particularly so in this instance, where there were but two of them to encounter a noted desperado fortified in a stout log house, and possibly assisted by some friends who had come to his aid.

"If it wuz him behind one tree, an' me behind another, I wouldn't keer a darn," said Stock, apparently reflecting alone. "Then I'd bring him to Limerick or he'd me in mighty short meter. But now he's got all the percentage in the game, an' he'll have the drop on us all the time."

They strode along until they came to the edge of the clearing in the center of which stood the house, when they halted and looked at it with some anxiety. It seemed to be a quiet, unassuming place, a person or thing stirred around it, and even the cloud of yellowing mongrels that surrounded every Southern house seemed to be either wholly absent or unobtrusively silent.

Walter and Stock put fresh caps on their rifles and crept cautiously forward, covering themselves as much as possible with the logs and stumps in the line of approach, and straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of a gun-barrel protruding through the chimneys. After a long quarter of an hour of this prudent strategy, which had been taught them on the skirmish-line, and in former times with skulking bushwhackers, they came to a halt behind a large log directly in front of the cabin, and about 50 feet from its door.

Still no shot from the concealed inmates, still no signs of life, either human or animal. What could it mean? Were they waiting for their prey to come still closer?

Walter and Stock held another debate as to whether they should wait or not. The full-cock, and their eyes fixed on the house, from which they expected a hostile demonstration every instant.

which he lifted from the fence. Again placing himself at Walter's side they made a headlong rush for the door. Stock struck it like a cannon-ball, the wooden hinges gave away, and it went clear across the room. Raising his cocked rifle to his face, Walter sprang in, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Surrender!"

And Stock was at his side almost at the same instant, with musket at a "charge bayonet."

There was no response; the room was empty.

When they realized this, and that that miserable old cabin, in which there had been no one since morning, had cost them a world of excited apprehension and a great deal of trouble, they were

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CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

The President is strangely leisurely about appointing an Ambassador to London, to succeed Col. John B. Hay. There have been persistent rumors that he has offered the place to Senator McMillan, in order to make a place in the Senate for Secretary Alger, who could be appointed by Gov. Pingree. It is now believed that this will not be done, probably on account of the indisposition of Gov. Pingree to play the part assigned him. Senator McMillan now says that he proposes to stay in the Senate until the end of his term—March 4, 1901, and then retire.

The itinerary of the President's Southern trip is being arranged. He will leave Washington Dec. 13, arrive at Atlanta at noon on the 14th, and remain there until the evening of the 15th, when he will go to the Tuskegee Normal Institute, and spend the whole of the 16th there. If the Seventh Corps has not left Savannah he will then visit it.

So few of the left-at-home Representatives were Chairmen of Committees that Speaker Reed will only have 13 Chairmanships to parcel out in the next House, and but few of these are of importance. The most important is that of the Committee on Banking and Currency, now held by Jos. H. Walker, of Massachusetts. The next Republican on the Committee is Marriott Brosius, of Pennsylvania, who will probably succeed to the Chairmanship. The next most important Chairmanship is that of Coinage, Weights and Measures, which was held by Warren B. Hooker, of New York, is Chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee. He has been elected to the Supreme Bench of New York. The next Republican on the Committee is Henry A. Cooper, of Wisconsin. J. D. Hicks, of Pennsylvania, is the Chairman of the Committee on Patents and Chas. N. Brumm, of Pennsylvania, of that on Claims. These Chairmanships, as well as those of two Election Committees, the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic, Irrigation of Arid Lands, Expenditures in the State and Interior Departments, Expenditures on Public Buildings, and Accounts will have to be filled.

Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, comes up for his third re-election as Senator—he having been first elected in 1881, and it comes in the nature of a surprise that he is likely to have his seat. His opponents claim to have 139 of the 200 Republican votes in the Connecticut Legislature, and it will take 101 to elect. His leading opponents are ex-Gov. Bulkeley, ex-Patent Commissioner Simonds, and Samuel Essenden, of the Republican National Committee. The Senator's friends confidently predict his re-election, however.

The Democrats will miss four strong figures in the next House: Benton McMillin, Jos. D. Sayers, A. M. Dockery, and Jas. G. Maguire. McMillin has been in Congress 29 years, and was an unsuccessful aspirant for the Democratic leadership of the House, against Bailey, of Texas. He has been elected Governor of Tennessee. Jos. D. Sayers served four years in the regular army, and has been 14 years in Congress. He has been elected Governor of Texas. Dockery has been 16 years in Congress, and distinguished himself by the "Dogbery Bill," reorganizing and cutting down the Department service. He leaves Congress to get in shape to run for Governor of Missouri in 1900. Jas. G. Maguire is a young Irish-American, born in Boston, but taken to California when a year old, and began life as a blacksmith. Later he studied law, and became a successful practitioner. He was elected to Congress six years ago, and became a favorite at once. He distinguished himself as an earnest and insistent advocate of the Single Tax idea, and this was made a strong feature of his canvass for Governor of California, in which he was defeated.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury F. A. Vanderlip sailed for Porto Rico last week to study the financial conditions of the island.

Atchison Womankind.

When a woman goes to Omaha, says the Atchison Globe, to visit the Exposition, and expects to stop with a friend and save \$5 in board, she takes an 80-cent souvenir spoon along for her friend.

A man never knows how well posted his wife is on church affairs until she enters her minister at supper.

The violet, for modesty and shy unobtrusiveness, isn't it with a girl who is wearing an old hat when everyone else has on new millinery.

When a girl goes around from town to town, cooking oatmeal of a new kind of pancake-flour at a grocery store she is called a "demonstrator." The word is so good that Atchison girls are using it instead of the word "cooking." Atchison girls no longer cook potatoes; they "demonstrate" them. They also give demonstrations in dishwashing.

If a woman catches cold wearing a thin dress at a reception her husband escapes public censure, but if she catches it hanging out clothes all but her dearest friends stop speaking to her, and she is called a "demonstrator."

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FOR THE BETTER-HALF.

Over in England Mr. Labouchere has been trying to solve the question why so few men go to church compared to the number of women. His conclusion is that it is because they have no place for their hats, that his hat is always under a man's feet or knees during his devotion. "Cruel people have said that many women go to church to show off their new bonnets, and to see how unbecomingly their neighbors' hats are. These people will reduce church-going to a mere relation to headgear, if they continue."

England's young ones have a mind of their own, and though it is naturally quite girlish, yet it seems to be a firm and usually logical one—that is, as long as she is a Queen it is a logical one, for it's part of her privilege and duty "to queen it." Now the report comes that she will not allow her mother to be the "Queen of the Debutantes," Wilhelmina having an idea that the term conveys too much of an idea of background and age, to be applicable to her mother. Another day she forbade the use of a certain issue of stamps, because her likeness thereon was not attractive enough. This she explained was merely a question of personal vanity, but that a monarch of a country desires to make as favorable an impression on his people as possible, that stamps are a widely-circulating medium for conveying some sort of impression, and that she preferred to look her best to her people.

Silken petticoats are of the gayest colors; indeed, cherry color, which is the reddest of reds, and probably the most vivid possible color, is the favorite petticoat tint.

Nowadays when one plans holiday feasts, afternoon teas, card-party refreshments and other festive occasions, it is well not to forget salted almonds, or just as good, cheaper and handier, "our little friend, the peanut," as Riley says. Peanuts need to be shelled and skinned, and herein lies its convenience, it need not be blanched, as does the almond. On the other hand, the almond is much the "easier" of the two. To make either, pour a tablespoonful of olive oil or melted butter over the nuts, and then toss them about until each nut is well oiled; sprinkle a tablespoonful of salt over them and well again, that each nut may collect its portion. This will probably be enough for a cup to a cupful and a half or two cups of nuts; they must not be either very oily or very salty. Spread the nuts out over a pan and set them in a quick oven, watching them and stirring them carefully until they are a pretty brown. Spread them on soft white or brown paper to cool off.

To be conscientiously fashionable this winter, one's sleeves must be uncomfortably tight.

Though very long trailing skirts—long at the sides, along the front and long at the back—are the height of fashion, women have not entirely forgotten the good sense of the last year or two, and short skirts for rainy-day shopping, marketing and country walks still prevail. Woman is having held up before her a long list of the dangerous and unpleasant germs that she collects in her trailing skirts, but it's not so horrifying to her as to be stylish is pleasant. There is a certain class of women who will sacrifice beauty, health, cleanliness, tenderness and charity at the altar of fashion. Other women can be fashionable and clean, and these are the women who are the fashion of the world.

Toques nowadays are made of velvet trimmed with fur, or of fur trimmed with velvet, and may be as demure or as gay as to the taste of the wearer. They must be no question as to the feathers—they must either be the jauntiest of nodding ostrich tips, or the most aggressive, sprawling, long-tailed feather ornament—a "bird" ornament, I suppose the milliners who improve upon nature call it. A toque of golden-brown velvet with a band of pink against the hair and a brown ostrich tip for upright

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